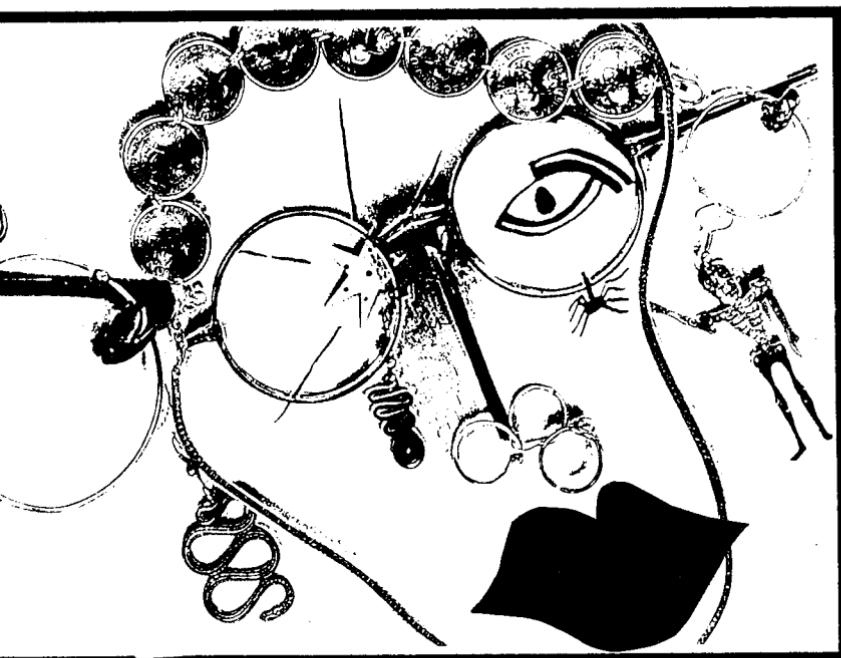


# ORALPALOOZA



94  
MONTREAL

The  
as-official-as-  
anything-  
involved-with-  
Lollapalooza-  
could-be  
anthology  
of the 1994  
Lollapalooza  
Montreal  
spoken word  
stage.

L'officielle  
(si on peut  
ainsi dire)  
anthologie  
de la scène  
du mot parlé  
à Lollapalooza  
Montréal  
1994.

With words by:  
Des mots par:

**Fortner**  
Anderson  
**Cybèle Carette**  
Andrea Clark  
**Miriam Cliche**  
**Dee**  
Scott Duncan  
**Golda Fried**  
**Corey Frost**  
**Jonathan**  
Goldstein  
**Le Groupe de**  
poésie moderne  
**Michel Lefebvre**  
**Moses and Osei**  
**Pocket**  
**Ran**  
Victoria Stanton  
Ian Stephens  
Lynn Suderman  
and  
**Martin-Pierre**  
Tremblay.

\$5  
Dony

ORALPALOOZA  
94  
MONTREAL

1

**ORALPALOOZA '94 MONTREAL**  
est produit par  
**ga press**

2—358 Blvd. St. Joseph E.  
Montréal, Québec H2T 1J4  
(514) 845-9063

Cover illustration by Corey Frost.  
Special Thanks/Un grand merci à  
Caroline Côté, organisatrice.

© Contributors, 1994  
All rights are held by the respective authors.  
Tous droits réservés pour tous pays.  
ISBN 1-896226-02-7



2021

C'est quoi ça?	5
Moses and Osei	7
Hortner Anderson	8
Cybèle Carette	10
Andrea Clark	14
Miriam Cliche	15
Dee	17
Scott Duncan	19
Golda Fried	21
Gorey Frost	24
Jonathan Goldstein	27
Le Groupe de poésie moderne	29
Michel Lefebvre	32
Pocket	36
Victoria Stanton	38
ian Stephens	39
Lynn Suderman	42
Martin-Pierre Tremblay	44
Ran	46
C'est qui ça?	48



4

# Oralpalooza

“I’ve got this idea — the gazebo stage or third stage — and I don’t care what happens there as long as it’s weird and fun.”

-Perry Farrell,  
Lollapalooza founder.

In its fourth year, Lollapalooza grows an extra limb — the third stage, the spoken word stage. At the same time, the show finally comes to Montreal for the first time and sprawls like a toothy leopard over île Ste-Hélène. For the occasion of this momentous conflagration 18 Montreal poets/groups were chosen to perform on the third stage. On the eve of Lollapalooza, July 26th, they appeared at le Bowling on St.Laurent to present words and knock down pins with heavy balls. This book is not a record of that event, known as Oralpalooza, but it is something just as interesting: a print picture of 18 performances.

Dans la quatrième année de Lollapalooza, la tournée pousse un nouveau membre: la troisième scène, la scène du mot parlé. En même temps, le spectacle arrive enfin à Montréal pour la première fois, s'étalant sur l'île Ste-Hélène comme un lézard avec des boucles d'oreilles. À l'occasion de ce événement momenteux, 18 poètes ou groupes de poètes Montréalais ont été choisi comme présentateurs sur la troisième scène. Sur la veille de Lollapalooza, le 26 juillet, ils ont paru au Bowling sur St.Laurent pour présenter leurs poèmes et pour écraser des quilles. Ce livre n'est pas un document de ce événement, appelé Oralpalooza, mais est même plus intéressant: une image écrite de 18 interprétations de poésie.

And  
et maintenant  
now,  
dans  
aucune  
Particular  
ordre  
particulière  
order...



# Moses and Osei and the Ancient Demi-Gods

## BIRTH OF THE HIP CHILD

Now once upon a time Jah  
You know Allah — Kool Kat that he is  
Decided he wanted to make himself a bouncing baby boy.

So he took a sack of old funk from Brother George's trunk  
A lock of dread from my man Marley's head  
Some soul about a pound from Mr. J. Brown  
And then said to his angel 'come on let's get down.'

He took a handful of sand from the shores of the Motherland  
Three stars from the skies just to make my three eyes  
Some water from the Nile for the blood in this child  
Sat back with a dimesack and gave a big smile.

And while Father time played a solo on his flute  
And Old Mother Nature knitted me some old baby boots  
God looked in his book for my ancestral roots  
And picked the blackest of black for my new birthday suit.

And then Father Time came on down the line  
Stuck me in my momma's oven and set it on nine  
And when I was well done they all gathered round  
And God placed on my head an old Afro Crown

~~GET DOWN!~~

Hortner  
Anderson

## EVERY DAY RANT

Every day  
I don't care  
I never cared  
and will never care  
about some killing in Timor, or some rape in Bosnia, or the bodies stacked  
like cordwood on the beaches outside of Port-au-Prince.

I don't care about school kids in Rwanda or L.A., or the faithful in Algiers.  
When they slice open the cheeks of someone in Dili  
When they tear out the tongue of some poor sap in El Salvador  
When they slash and burn some forest in Brazil to make a few more  
McBurgers  
I don't feel a fucking thing.

It's not me.  
I'm here and I'm free. So free.

I got everything  
I  
need.

I open my mouth wide, pearly whites and dark thick tongue.  
It all slides in.

condos on the park  
Miatas with the top down  
Cantel cellular telephones  
full size washer/dryer combos  
St. Ambroise and blood sausages  
Lollapalooza and Brecht and Krishnamurti  
pretty cocks, and winsome cunts  
hands, thighs, and a piece of blood-smeared liver  
I'll gnash through bone and blood and hair and cum.

because Fuck it  
I don't care

about it, or you, or them

It's all about me, me

Everyday I need some more  
because everything is not enough  
Everyday I need it faster  
because everything is too slow  
Everyday I need it better  
because everything is crap  
And I need it thicker and harder  
Till its shoved high up my ass like some explosive fist grabbing and tearing  
at my bowels.

And then I'll shit out some starvation in Somalia

some slavery in Santa Domingo  
crack houses in Detroit

And finally I'll shit out my own death— push it out onto the plate

And still I can't feel a fucking thing

I can't feel anything at all

I never felt anything  
at all

Just once, I need to feel  
the world, something, one thing  
them or it or

you

I need a word to say

I need new words to say— because all these are broken

I need to say yes—yes—yes

and then

I need to take my fucking head and tear out some lies

Every day.



# QUELQUES VARIATIONS DÉDIÉES À LA TERRE

Citoyens

Welcome

Citizens

Bienvenus

Bienvenus au cirque de la lumière

Welcome

Bienvenu

Benvenidos

Welcome

Herein!

Kommen Sie bitte

Herein

Tutti sono benvenuto nel circo della luce

Vous verrez ce que vous réserve le futur

Look

Open your eyes

Ask your neighbor

If he is happy

Citoyen

Welcome!!!

Willkommen!!!

Vamos juntos entrando el mundo

Benvenidos

Venez contribuer au vox populi mondial

Anche il vaticano assisterà

Le soleil et la lune

Toutes les constellations

Vous présenteront la foire du siècle

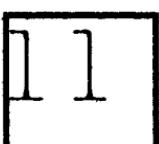
Ami  
Amigos  
Amici  
All friends  
Alles Brüder  
Entrez!!!  
Toutes les couleurs  
Dans vos mains unies  
Entrez  
Et assistez  
Au poème de la lumière  
A la chanson qui corrigera  
Toutes vos erreurs de jeunesse

On vous promet un feux d'artifices solaire  
Sans artifice

E amigo que passo?  
[Serais-tu le frère de celui qu'on a assassiné?]  
Hé! l'ami  
Amigos  
Amici del sole  
Reposes-toi ici pour l'éternité  
En un long silence,  
Silence,  
Silence

Les feux qui brillent  
Dans les yeux des autres  
Pourront sûrement  
Sauver la terre

Ich habe der Welt  
Im Schule gelernt  
Die Mauer ist schwer hoch  
Ich Kann nicht  
Die Treppe hinauf-gehen



How you can make it!  
Come on!  
Demandez à votre voisin  
S'il est l'élu du bonheur  
S'il désire être présent  
En l'an 2001.

Say—, “cheese” and smile  
To be able to save  
The whole world

E amigo que passo?  
Conque, fumando a escondidas  
Don't do that!  
It's forbidden!  
Why don't you write poetry instead

Que la poésie soit  
Ton meilleur ami  
A—MEN

Savez-vous combien sont-ils de chinois en Chine??  
Nommez-les!!!

Ami  
Amigos  
Amici  
All friends  
Alles Brüder



Montez à bord  
Ce soir on sera à Rome ou à Pampelune  
Et demain à Paris.  
Et ne laissez surtout pas  
Votre imagination au vestiaire  
You'll need it more than your own eyes

Non dimenticate che la poesia ripresenta  
Il più bello del viaggio

N'oubliez pas que la poésie est vivante

Levez les yeux au ciel  
Regardez comme elle est brillante  
Et vous verrez que de l'intérieur  
Elle vous regarde aussi

Alors approchez  
Venacqui  
Come on  
Kommen Sie bitte  
L'univers agonise à petit feux  
Il faut être nombreux pour que vite  
On lui sauve la vie

Vous ne faites pas d'ombre sur la terre  
Vous êtes les Ombres de cette Terre

Riguarda, riguarda!  
Il volcano si è allumato  
Ma non ne siamo alla fine  
Mais le volcan n'engloutit jamais la lumière  
Celui qui vivra verra  
Qu'il est remplie de lumière

Welcome  
Benvenidos  
Bienvenu  
Venez assister au cirque de la lumière  
Ne laissez pas votre imagination au vestiaire  
Ami de la terre  
Vous êtes tous de grands acrobates  
Approchez en grand nombre  
Pour protéger votre lumière  
Approchez  
Venacqui  
Come on  
Venez assister au cirque accidentel  
Qu'offre VOTRE mémoire  
A VOTRE lumière

# Andrea Clark

co-written by Ammanda Strawn and Julie Tamiko-Manning

## SQUID ALERT

Yeah, I'm callin' you squids!

S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys  
Yeah S-Q-U-I-to the D. S to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys.

First of all you like to call us whoes and shit.—You think you're witty with your stupid little tid bit names?—Clever? Nope! Quaint? Not! Nor is it cute!— I've just about had it with you tutti-frutti-putt-butts.— None excluded, large , medium and small.—Listen up there's a sister on the microphone y'all.— Whether you like it or not, I'm takin' this opportunity.— I'm bringin' the word, we wanna be heard, we wanna hear history and HERstory too.— We bleed each month to re-procreate.—You can't hang, so what do you do? Grab a 'zine and masturbate.—Don't give me that shit, "This is a man's world," 'cause squids you wouldn't be here without us girls.

S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys  
S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboy

Yeah, go on bro' put on your nasty ass skin flick.—Grease up that palm to diddle with your squid stick.—You think you're so thick? So absolutely slick?—Then you're comin' at me with your TARZAN bullshit?!— No teasin'? Nope! Pleasin'? Nope! Straight for that cunt? Yup!— WAM-BAM-A-LAM-BOOM, Slam Dunk?!—Then off you go braggin', 'bout what you think you did, to prove yourself manly amongst your fellow squids.— So you're manly? You find yourself manly?— You think that you can score me with your measly slab of candy?— Every line you spew goes in one ear and out the other!—We weren't made for each other! I ain't no stick of butter!—Our meeting wasn't fate and you're not my soulmate.— Oh baby let me tell yah, you won't even get a date!—No not my # and nope not a dance! — You thought you were so smooth but you never had a chance!—That's why I'm callin' you squids!— So just ooze on over to the other end of the bar motherfucker, 'cause I ain't down with your calamari bullshit— That's right I'm callin' you squids.

S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboys  
S to the motherfuckin' Q to the U to the I to the motherfuckin' D Homeboy.

## LES ENFANTS NUS

Les reines n'aiment pas les enfants nus  
Les rois, eux, les aiment bien parfois  
Ceci dit, les royaumes craquent partout  
les charniers humains du Rwanda regorgent d'enfants nus  
la mer balotte les enfants nus réfugiés fuyant Haïti morts  
l'adoption internationale ne voient pas toutes les toutes petites Chinoises  
partout  
dans les royaumes  
dans les dictatures  
dans les réserves  
dans les ghettos  
dans les démocraties  
dans les maisons  
partout on torture les enfants rebelles  
Plus près de chez nous  
à la barboteuse Jeanne-Mance  
un enfant nu n'a pas le droit de se baigner  
la fille, la sauveteuse, qui fait sa reine,  
applique le règlement  
maudite niaiseuse - maudit règlement

## PSYCHOLOGIE DES ANIMAUX

(La citation de Malebranche)

“Les animaux mangent sans satisfaction,  
crient sans souffrance,  
se reproduisent sans le vouloir,  
ne souhaitent rien,  
ne craignent rien.”

(Le poème)

Dans les montagnes  
les bergers enculent les moutons.

# J'VEUX OU CHER MÉCÈNE,

J'veux une Telecaster

un beau logement avec une cour  
Trout Mask Replica en CD  
une veilleuse camion de pompier  
des lunettes  
un gros ventilateur  
un divan-lit  
une laveuse à linge  
des collants de femme enceinte  
faire un p'tit voyage au mois d'août  
une valise de chez Eva B.  
une serviette de plage foncée  
manger des mangues  
mille pics de guitare  
le Grand Robert  
les 8 Zunik  
un piano  
un fer à repasser  
voir la maison d'Arthur Villeneuve  
mais surtout j'veux une Telecaster.

# CHANSON POUR OREILLES AMOVIBLES

Il n'y a pas de désert dans la forêt immédiate

(bis)

c'est vrai

qu'est-ce qu'il ne faut pas entendre

Réponse: rien, absolument tout s'écoute dans la forêt immédiate

même ces petits bruissements de rien du tout

qui vous pognent directement à la fourrure.

# L'AUTRE JOUR

L'autre jour

j'ai vu le diable

c'était une femune

elle avait vieilli de 30 ans

elle marchait sur la rue Prince-Arthur

elle m'a fait des gros yeux, mal à l'aise

de 1 : parce que je suis une honnête citoyenne

de 2 : parce que j'ai déjà couché avec son amant

Dee

# SHITUATION

## *REFRAIN #1*

WAT A HELL WAT A HELL  
WAT A CON-DITION  
HARD LIFE A TEK DI POOR A DI NATION  
WAT A HELL WAT A HELL  
WAT A SITUATION  
SOME WILLING FI SELL DEM REPUTATION.

FI PROMOTION PRESTIGE  
SOME WILLING FI SEIZE  
CARE NOT IF DEM USE  
UNDERHANDED MEANS

## *REFRAIN #2*

WAT A HELL WAT A HELL  
STICKY SITUATION  
NO NEW PLANS FI ALLEVIATION  
WAT A HELL WAT A HELL  
MENTAL STARVATION  
UNWANTED FEW INNA CRITICAL CONDITION

MINORITIES DISPOSSESSED  
EXPOSED BY DI PRESS  
COLLECT AN AMOUNT  
IF YUH WILLING FI SELL OUT

*(REPEAT REFRAIN #1)*

DI DISEASE CALL POOR  
SOME KYAAH TEK IT NUH MORE  
DEM TOTALLY FLIP OUT  
AN A TEK HAND OUT

*(REPEAT REFRAIN #2)*

IN DIS SOCIETY  
SOME A LIVE AHFA CHARITY  
MONEY A DI PRIORITY  
AND NOT HUMANITY

WAT A HELL WAT A HELL  
TRIAL AND TRIBULATION  
GOING ABOUT NEW ARBITRATION  
WAT A HELL WAT A HELL  
FI CHANGE DI SHITUATION  
WE HAFI COME UP WID NEWAH CREATION.

# Scott Duncan

## THE BUS DRIVER'S MONA LISA

I made love with  
The bus driver's Mona Lisa  
On my way west for work.

Cigarettes are lit  
Near simmering Sudbury slag heaps  
And the trees sprout red and white circus tents.  
Bare arm, slightly wrinkled forehead,  
Her turbine hot fingers  
Reach me at the back of the bus.

Wawa!  
The goose howls, the tribal heart beats.  
The scent of a man's cheap,  
Front of the bus cologne  
On the pink hand of Rainbow Falls night.

I made love to the bus driver's Mona Lisa.  
The rearview mirror was clammy,  
The old threw their lives into the fields,  
The young played cards,  
The latest tax scam —

The wheat is the belly  
And the belly is dry.

Not a moment's rest for the barber,  
The weather, the layed-off dock worker.

We pass the hunter's head spinning like  
A rusted weathervane rooster on Fort William.  
The smokestacks at Thunder Bay's port are  
St. John the Baptist's bonfire  
And they have come unstuck and fly  
A hundred metres above the ground.

The woman at the drive-thru window  
Speaks of heading west on the hot steel ship  
That shuttles that way across the sky  
Every day.

The great cataclysmic song,  
The windows rattle against my aching head  
Turning Winnipeg, Portage and Moosomin  
Into leaping yellow birds,  
As I made love to the bus driver's Mona Lisa.

Nicotine-bearded dervishes,  
Circus-horse traders,  
Bucking Ninth Avenue boxcars  
Clamour up the rails.  
The King Eddy is pulled down,  
All Calgary turns into a book in Kensington.  
We light up a cigarette,  
Share murderous schemes.  
They have men like you in Ponoca, I'm told.

But we're swaggering to the end of the line,  
A whole tank of diesel on my hands,  
My bent bowtie, grey hair swept off my head  
Like Chaplin.

It's a mountain dream of rivers and streams.

And the bus driver's Mona Lisa  
Makes love to me better than any  
Okanagan land prospector.  
The grey dawn,  
A screeching new cart,  
Hurtles Fraser Valleys at us.

I'm as young as a mountain,  
As wise as the sea's  
Cathartic waves that will crash over me.

Strung around a bouquet of silk flowers  
On the dashboard of the bus  
That milks Vancouver terminus,  
Hangs a pendant with the store's picture still in it.

Mona Lisa's bus driver  
Steps out in the rain.

## DID YOU RUN

did you run through the streets  
sayin' jenn's got a friend  
and she didn't find him through the mail  
but she did find him in the streets  
and he rode on the sidelines  
while she hid in the crowd  
and did you think he'd be scared of phones  
well he didn't use them at all  
and did you think he'd come up from underground  
well he covered everything like coal  
and did you think he was going to say he was in some band  
well he didn't hog any guitars  
and did you think he was going to seek your smile  
well he drinks straight from the jar  
and did you think she was going to see him again  
well he writes things on matchbook covers  
and did you think she just wanted to have his kid  
well I think she just wanted to have a cow  
and did you think everything would change  
    if he was around  
well did it have to be that serious  
did you run through the streets  
sayin' jenn's got a friend  
'cuz you didn't stick around.

# CIGARETTE MAPPING

I went through the day in a daze and came out the other side to find a man waiting for me there, smoking behind a dented hat, leaning against someone's car. What first amazed me about him was his thinness. He could slide in between the cracks of the street and soon I was realizing that I could do it too. We pretty much strolled right on through the night under fire-escape trees and past garbage stumps, mapping our path with cigarette breaks. Finding bits of newspaper to read like puzzle pieces. Contemplating billboard signs but not in the mood to jump off balconies into oblivion. Finding five cent pieces but no candy store was open. And as we passed through this ghost-town, I thought that this night was like any other night but with a lot of harmonica thrown in. And we came to a park and sprawled out on the ground. My first reaction was to bury myself under the fallen leaves and I slid under a pile giving myself Halloween Hair. But he brushed the dry dead things off of me, one by one, and cleared out a circle on the grass in front of us. In this space, we emptied our pockets and gazed at our souvenirs. He took off his hat and placed it in the middle of the circle. Then, we gave each object a toss with anticipation of what part of the heart it would strike. And when we were through with lyrics for a while, the harmonica player came through pounding out a solo, hitting all the high notes. The guy grabbed his hat and got the hell out of there before the sun came up and all the magic was gone. I had one more cigarette left to burn in this package of the unexpected and rolled it in my hand to make it last for a while. I sauntered on over to work and lit the cigarette outside the glass walls. All it took was one look at my reflection and I hitch-hiked out of town.

# WHITE MENUS AND RED LIGHTS

white menus and red lights  
as the waitress waits for the fire engines  
to go by to take our order  
annoyed  
as he stamps out the burning  
of my cigarette  
as I am forever waiting for my mother to  
ask me if my boyfriends make me happy  
“So can I help you sweetie?”  
as we let her down by only ordering drinks  
because the prices are too high  
a smile “is not included”  
you have to pay for the sting of a slow night  
and she’s mopping up the filth from our table  
keeping her apron white and orderly  
but deliberately crashing into everything  
nearly wiping off my cherry lipstick  
with her rag rag rag  
and I can’t think straight in here  
with the 50’s grenadine music  
seeping out all warm and apple pie  
and he—  
forking through our friendship  
onto my leg  
missing my heart  
that’s waiting to feel...  
she slaps the drink on the table  
and walks away muttering  
“I hope you enjoy your meal”

Golda  
Fried

You should only ever  
listen eight times,  
while i describe  
that arachnid feeling.

Corey  
Frost

# I ONLY WANT TO EVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT SPIDERS

I only want to ever say anything about spiders – never now or ever say nothing about nothing that ain't about spiders. I want to say everything eight times. I want to say everything eight times. I want to say everything eight times. If it seems I'm saying anything that isn't any spider thing, then turn me upside-down. Everything is upside down in the spider world.

A few years ago I was in Brazil on an entomological excursion – I think it was entomological but it may have been etymological and I just got the spelling wrong. In any case I didn't find much of either thing I may have been looking for. I was staying in Piaui in the northeast, which is where the Amazon accidentally turns into a huge desert and and no rain and the banana trees get stunted and black. At night we all get sweaty and chilly and you take your long woven hammock and you hang one end up on a hook over here and hang the other end up on a hook over here until all the ends are hung up above the ground and the sound of insects and then you crawl into the middle of it and curl up into a tight ball and that's how you try to sleep with your eyes closed.

And one night I was idly twitching in my hammock and thinking about all the entomology and/or etymology that I was missing out on, and I thought I was awake until someone woke me up with a yell. I was told to come into the next room with a flashlight. They said, "Vem aqui. Com pressa. Tem uma aranha."

About all the rooms in the house there had was a floor, and about some had a few walls, and mine had a ceiling and a door. I came on the concrete with my barefeet and it was dark and someone else was running away down the hall and someone else who wouldn't move was standing in the door. I knew there was a spider there somewhere on the floor.

I took a tiny pocket light and it hardly really wasn't very big enough to light up your pocket. It would only trickle a faint leaking light and as it licked the floor I saw something like a hand lying in the middle of the room. It was a fantastical velvety spider, the kind that would eat a bird kissing flowers. And it was still, and I couldn't tell which end was seeing me or how many me's it saw.

The frozen person shivered and then stepped from the room and left us alone. I felt that I was expected to watch it, to pin it down there with

the flashlight to keep it from moving. But the light was so dim I didn't think it would do, and I felt a bit foolish, I felt a little feeble. And I wondered if I just turned off the light and if I stood there in my bare feet if the spider would come and attack me, and wrap me in its book-lung legs around my waist and sink its fangs into my hip.

And I remembered that spiders never swallow what they kill. It would fill me with juices and turn me to soup and suck me slow from a dried-out shell. But it seemed so intent on sitting there still. It looked the way an electric stove element does if you leave it on in the dark. Inviting in a way, friendly and strange, like you'd want to creep over and put your hand on it.

So then I let the light trickle off its back and go out. In the dark I stood for a moment to listen, half expecting it to play violin on my neck. It seemed big enough then to knock me down, and I imagined it hovering over me, to lick my face with its pedipalps.

Finally I turned on the flashlight again. In the middle of the floor was a big glowing empty spot. The spider sat in the far corner the spider was still still still then it ran. It ran. It floated over the concrete like a slow hurricane, and I was in deep water and it was floating at me like the tendrils of a jellyfish. It was bowing its violin legs toward me, and all I ever wanted then was to lie on the ground with my clothes off and pull a woven silk windsheet over my white-wash limbs. In the spider room.

At that minute a man with a broom run in and swing a hard stroke and the spider skitter and bounce off the wall. The man go over and hits a few times and then he takes a flask from his hip and douses the spider with a kill-a-cue fluid and tries to avoid. The man light a match and toss it, and douse it, and the spider ignited, indignant it burnt there it hisses and crackles and I was surprised that it doesn't roll over or scurry or slaughter, and just very slowly start creeping away, but it doesn't make it. Some people can hate spiders so much, and I want to say everything eight times. People hate them with enormous lust. Vem aqui com pressa. Tem uma aranha. People hate spiders the way you would hate a part of your body if it got up and left. They don't really have any heads to speak of, and they have eight eyes. They have eight long thin legs, but my legs are much longer. In Brazil they called me pernas longas: that means daddy longlegs but those aren't spiders and I only ever want to say anything about spiders and they only have two eyes.

And when the spider caught on fire this is what it looked like: (umbrella/sparkler) and I want to say everything eight times. Tem uma aranha. Vem com pressa. I only want to ever say anything about spiders – and never now or ever say nothing about anything that isn't about spiders. I'm not saying anything that isn't about spiders. And when the spider slides its lovely fangs between

your ribs it feels like this: (eight balls) and I want to say everything eight times. And when a spider is walking above you or upside-down it sounds like this: (scissors) and it looks like this: (cutting paper) and I want to say everything eight times. And when it's spinning webs it sounds like this: Vem aqui com pressa. Tem uma aranha. awhen the spire caught on fire awhen the spire a fire a vem com pressa tem aranha. Aranha spire aqui on fire there's nothing ever that ain't on fire. There's nothing ever that ain't a spire. Tem uma aranha. Vem com pressa. Tem uma aranha. Vem com pres- sa Tem uma aranha Vem

And I don't want to say anything about anything but spiders, but sometimes I'm curled up in my hammock like a wilted petal and you're with me and you're a spider, smooth and opalescent like two eight balls falling into the last pocket with bone-like legs, and my hammock is a delicate web and you look like a shape cut out of paper that you can't really identify, and I hope and I long for you to be the kind of spider that will eat me after mating. Which I know is ridiculous because you're female and black and I pretend to be male to go with my whiteness, and so I have all the fangs, and you could never consume me and you only ever feed me soup. Except that everything is upside-down in the spider world, where the blacker you are the more wonderful, and the more female you are the more powerful. I want to say everything eight times because I think that if I do, then you will consume me, and everything will be upside-down like in the spider world. I only ever want to say anything about spiders, and hope that everything could be upside-down, that I could lie on my back, that you will sink your fangs into me, that I could be black and female, just like a spider.

A rectangular box containing the signature of the author, Corey Frost, in a stylized, handwritten font.

Corey  
Frost

# Jonathan Goldstein

## GOBS OF THE SAD NEW CREAM

every white tad, a dear specimen.

It was lumpy, gooey and wet

It sat on the tum-tum

getting colder

and harder

and even

stickier.

Fresh babies without a 'gina

to nestle in

sit on my tummy

thinking

"What about me."

Cum-dee-da-cum-did-ee-yay.

Spurts of the gooey hot no gash to hang their heads in.

Poor sad gobs of mushy boy stuff.

Sticky white penis stuff.

Little no-day-ever-gonna-be-a-baby stuff.

Smells like something fresh—

It's a fresh no-show-where'd it go.

Drip it off yo' finger

back onto yo' tum-tum.

Falls so perfect into yo' belly button:

makes a little watering hole

to dip small fingers into,

to arch yo' back

to go "unhh"

to laugh at yourself

twisted like the plasticine boy on your bed

you twist like the ripping twine

you lunge at the paper

with naked women

super-hero women with laser-teets—

wonder-women with american flag vaginas

you lap at the paper like a dog.

It's only paper

only paper  
smells like paper  
you kin kiss your own shoulders  
turn yourself in the bed cloth  
dream impossible, inexplicable, Machiavellian lays  
feel your stiffness consume you  
dream naked romps in local bars  
dream of dead-eye penetration  
dream legs spreading wider  
and wider  
and wider  
and wider  
wider than the whole of the human mind  
You, in your mind, run a mad nose along a thigh  
you go higher and higher and higher  
to the  
Chrystle Clean Innocent Lamb-like Christ-light  
Holy Vagina  
you linger in your mind,  
there are white soft bellies  
in your mind  
there are bellies which tighten and relax  
tighten and relax  
as they laugh.



2021

# le Groupe de poésie moderne

Le Groupe de poésie moderne rejette l'aléatoire au profit de la précision dans l'exécution du texte. Il propose une esthétique qui lui est propre et qui a comme principale caractéristique une généralisation de la déformation. L'approche scénique suit, elle aussi, cette stratégie de déformation de l'objet pour en arriver à une représentation de l'objet sur scène par le support théâtral.

Les artifices de la représentation (corps de l'acteur, jeu dans l'espace, etc.) sont au service de la logique du déséquilibre et du travestissement propre au Groupe de poésie moderne. Les textes produits, lorsque réunis, constituent un ensemble organisé autour de ce principe de déformation. Il faudra voir le Groupe de poésie moderne pour bien l'entendre. Il faut le voir pour comprendre le type de précision mécanique qu'il recherche dans la déformation du support langagier, du mouvement et du jeu sur scène.

En abordant un texte nu du Groupe de poésie moderne, il faut voir au-delà du jeu de mots, il faut percevoir le jeu de structure, le jeu de langue, le jeu de monde. Le spectateur, en prenant conscience des règles qui ont été appliquées, participe, lui aussi, à l'acte de déformation en cours.

*essai de composition 'vocale' pour voix  
scandées et respirations en un seul tenant  
les fléches traduisent le début (>)  
et la fin (<) de chacunes des performances.*

le non de ——————>	
le non de	
le non de <—————	
le son de	
le son de	
le son de	
le ton de ——————>	tantantétanton
le ton de	tantantétanton
le ton de	tantantétanton
le non de ——————>	han
le non de	tantantétanton
le non de	tantantétanton
le mon de	han
le mon de	tantantétanton
le mon de	han
le mon de	tantantétanton
le pon de	han
le pon de	tantantétanton
le pon de	han
le pon de	tantantétanton
le tan de	han
le tan de	tantantétanton
le tan de	han
le kan de	han
le kan de	tantantétanton
le kan de	han
le ran de	han
le ran de	tantantétanton
le ran de	han
le ran de <—————	han ——————> tantantétanton
le san de	han
le san de	han
le san de	han
le xan de ——————>	
le xan de	
le xan de	
le zan de	han
le zan de	han

Nous sommes le groupe  
de poésie moderne  
Nous sommes le groupe  
de poésie moderne  
Nous sommes le groupe  
de poésie moderne

le zan de	han	le semblouoir de
le pan de	han	le connouoir de
le pan de	han	le voulouoir de
le pan de <—	han	l'écorchouoir de
le pin de —————>	han	le sensouoir de
le pin de	han	le grammouoir de
le pin de	han	le crieouoir de
le bin de	han	le hurlouoir de
le bin de	han	l'amourouoir de
le bin de	han	l'hainouoir de
le pin de	han	le contouoir de
le pin de	han	le doutouoir de
le pin de	han	le gestouoir de
le bin de	han	le mouvouoir de
le bin de	han	le travouoir de
le pin de	han	le lectouoir de
le pin de	han	le propouoir de
le non de	han	le fesouoir de
le non de	han	le toujouoir de
le non de	han	le prenouoir de
le son de —————>	han	le poussouoir de
le son de	han	le commouoir de
le son de	han	le tempouoir de
le ton de	han	le chantouoir de
le ton de	han	le présouoir de
le ton de	han	le disouoir de
le non de	han	l'adaptouoir de
le non de	han	l'infinitouoir de
le non de	han	l'importouoir de
le non de	han	l'ultimouoir de
le mon de	han	l'accabluoir de
le mon de	han	l'unitouoir de
le mon de	han	l'impudouoir de
le pon de	han	l'égidouoir de
le pon de	han	l'espacouoir de
le pon de <—	han	l'exemplouoir de
	han	l'urgenceouoir de
	han	l'urgenceouoir de
	han	l'urgenceouoir de
	han	l'urgence de faire
	han	de connaitre et de
	han	dire le texte...

le Groupe  
de poésie  
moderne

Michel  
Lefebvre

# LES FÊTES PROFANES

Au lever du rideau  
la lumière sombre  
et le monde allume, subitement  
Les odeurs nous taquinent  
celles des fêtes profanes

**des flêtes fropanes  
des f'nêtes ouvartes  
des fêtes floppées**

Mais fuck, on veut s'amuser  
On s'aime  
Vous y voyez du mal?  
Des jokes de main?  
Des frottements de poil?  
Des jeux dangereux?  
Des blessures d'euphorie?

Des fêtes profanes avec des amis  
des gens serviables  
d'autres lave-culs  
des vide-bassins  
des gens dont on a besoin  
exclus, acculés aux limites de la tolérance  
avec une envie terrible de réagir  
Des membres en règle  
Des crayons à foutre  
Sans trop d'angoisse de la mort  
comme des animaux  
Les yeux d'assurés  
sans aucune sécurité

Et vous voyez comme ça des choses...  
des espèces démolies  
qu'on ramasse sur les bancs de neige  
dans les trous de mémoire

mis à l'amende  
échoués sur le rivage  
Les amants de la dérive  
fendus jusqu'au cou  
fondus dans l'igloo  
quand les dés sont jetés

### **Faites un geste, déposez vos griefs!**

Vous lisez?  
La lotorité, les annonces classées, la sidéralogie  
l'autodafé des étoiles  
La ville aux images arrachées  
en lambeaux sur les panneaux  
Le décor beau des vandales  
l'adolescence éternelle des révoltés  
des enfants élevés dans le voltage  
le manque d'urgence  
les paranos sentimentales  
les migraines sociétales  
À l'heure de rentrer  
dans la société de la gestion du déchet  
assiégés, sur le marché,  
par les pots!

### **Ordures, ménagez!**

Les états de la nouvelle moralité  
Du solide, du roc  
Fini les cigarettes  
Baiser sans des condoms  
Circuler dans la rue  
sans que la protection publique  
nous empêche de traverser pas de casque

### **Faites circuler! Communiquez!**

Et des singes  
nus comme un ver vide  
en route dans le mauvais sens de la rue  
Des gens pour qui une seule issue  
Quelle issue?



Passer l'éponge  
Étamper, ranger  
Outrager  
Vider la corbeille à papier  
La journée est faite  
c'est la soirée qui est pas finie  
Pis les partys là-dedans

**Hoh! ohho! ohoo!**  
**Des fêtes profanes**  
**Des boums!**

Des éclats de rire  
des bouchées troubles

**Du plaisir brut, cru**  
**poisson!**

De la cuisine moutarde, forte  
Du riz concassé, du blé  
Du rire faramineux  
Des fêtes sans tralala

**Public de parc**  
**Héros d'arcade**

qui de foraine allure  
jouissent à chaque jour d'une nouvelle vie  
sans lumière pour se tenir  
Et la salubrité?

Le matin du troisième jour  
lors de l'aube qui se lave  
avec des savons bleus  
le rire éternué des vents violents, d'allergies  
L'alarme amère d'étranges présages  
Des armateurs d'illusions  
Bras tendus, mains ouvertes  
bouches bées  
fumistes  
Un banquet brûlé

Des fêtes profanes  
improvisées  
arrachées minute par minute  
Des fêtes juteuses, cyniques  
des quartiers d'orange sans pépin  
avalés avec la pluie  
la bouche ouverte, parfumée, cultivée

**C'est quoi qui est violent  
quand on est indifférent?**

Michel  
Lefebvre

1

C'est ça que ça FAUT !

FAUT être poète pour trouver les choses belles

FAUT trouver les choses belles pour être heureux

FAUT être heureux pour être en santé

FAUT être en santé pour s'aimer soi-même

FAUT s'aimer soi-même pour aimer les autres

FAUT aimer les autres pour arrêter de se battre

FAUT arrêter de se battre pour être honnête

avec soi-même

FAUT être honnête avec soi-même pour devenir Poète

FAUT être intelligent pour accepter les changements

FAUT accepter les changements pour devenir plus grand

FAUT devenir plus grand pour être plus confiant

FAUT être plus confiant pour être plus fort en dedans

FAUT être plus fort en dedans pour sortir le méchant

FAUT sortir le méchant pour voir le bien finalement

FAUT voir le bien finalement pour être imaginatif

FAUT être imaginatif pour devenir intelligent

bridge

(2)

Faut que sa soi toi qui le fasse si tu veux l'avoir fait  
Faut que soi toi qui a le gout si tu veux apprécier  
Faut que tu le fasse un moment donné pour pouvoir en parler  
Faut que l'on les voie nos erreurs pour évoluer  
tu pas capable de chier quand t'as envie  
tu pourra comprendre si t'a pas envie  
tu pas capable de tripper quand t'es en émission

Ref.

Faut être capable de pardonner pour pouvoir respecter  
Faut pouvoir respecter pour pouvoir contempler  
Faut pouvoir contempler pour vivre avec intensité  
Faut vivre avec intensité pour être capable de tripper  
Faut être capable de tripper pour être capable de se relever  
Faut être capable de se relever pour pouvoir continuer  
Faut pouvoir continuer pour atteindre la liberté  
Faut atteindre la liberté pour pouvoir pardonner

Pocket 92

# Victoria Stanton

On the floor at the door outside the door  
there she lay, Monica  
me inside legs splayed in tears  
oh the fear so intense the suspense  
it's just a fucking tampon stick it in just grin  
and wear it on your inside  
hide it feel free pee without blood without mess without distress  
just get it in can't get it in don't get it in don't want it in  
don't want it in  
Put your finger inside Monica says  
feel how it curves just relax don't clench I'm drenched  
with sweat I forget how to breathe I heave  
the carton shell and baton string  
hanging  
on the floor at the door outside the door Monica's support  
just relax I know it's hard but think of how good you'll feel  
when you get it in  
I got it in eventually and felt sore the whole day  
it wasn't in right how do I put it in right  
why do I need to wear a piece of cotton  
baton  
in my vagina why do I need to trap the blood like a clot  
with a cork with a plug staying neat retaining fluid keeping my  
bloody smell to myself  
It's not Monica's fault.  
she has been a friend  
passing on valuable information enduring my frustration  
and for years after that  
on the floor at the door I remembered  
I remember still feel sore no more no more plugging  
no more clotting here it is smell the rotting  
honest blood

Ian  
Stephens

## SAY IT SAY IT

I could drown in the beauty of his lips

drown not far not far

from here

where the cars tumble  
where all the clips, tv colours  
die

sweet reason sweet reason

the oil that preserves

the gloved hand that strangles my cock between  
falling walls

a truly comprehensive treatment  
between low arches and funhouse boys

I could drown here under his tongue between ecstasy

and his laughter between his shivering crack and the departure under his  
memory and the funeral and somebody else who suks me badly and whose fat  
dirty meat carries ungainly desperation like a nerd looking for a musical  
chair, desperately pink with his grip pulling it, pulling it horribly until the  
cream is finally squeezed out, the poor thin boy closes his eyes in exhaustion  
and I want to kill him as his meat shrinks back into the teenage bush and I  
continue to fuk his face until he can't, until he surrenders, bends over and  
takes it and I only fuk him because he doesn't care, doesn't know that I won't  
ever release him, not until he is hard again, screaming for justice, screaming  
for nothing but my cok, shoved as deep as a rifle up his neverland ass...

And when he screams for nothing else I will tear it through him  
and depart, pulling it out like a bayonet and he will suffer  
through my absence even as I ride another and another and they  
shall all scream while I fuk the line between twilight and  
glory

all the boys go fish

# DEAD HORSE

So he gives them Dead Horse  
alone at the microphone

the prince of sceptics  
in his ripped jeans and red underwear

slumps into the chair  
he's on the air

but he feels sick  
of the  
music he plays  
sick of the chemo  
and the bodies that betray

he thinks of the  
faltering sky

“It’s not mine anymore”

he drinks a glass of water  
by the dirty stacks of  
old demos, microphones and dead machines

the Dead Horse guitars  
destroy the sleeping  
soldiers, the undead

fingers pointing nowhere  
the time left in your head

left unsaid an anonymous voice  
calls with the verdict

the grief we carry  
each to his own end

bitter  
with the sweet

# PREPARING

When the fire got to my throat  
I swallowed

the flesh does what it wants  
the veins broiled  
lungs baked  
brain spoilt  
while the heart hunts for dogs  
scratches into love

the flesh will does what it wants  
and forever

the asylum reeks of disease

the young sceptic  
stares and waits for the bread  
with all the others  
his levels falling like everything else  
his kidneys hurt slowly at odd hours

Where are the words that could save  
each tear a year  
throbbing with anger

Would I rather be discovered  
frozen pale and stiff in the woods

or stumbling blind through agony  
tubes and deathbed extravaganzas;

the hell of hospices?

At this time I leave the door open  
the cold untouched

I have lost control

this bus is accelerating faster than planned

come crash come crash come crash with me

Ian  
Stephens

Lynn  
Suderman

## RE-VAMPED

Whenever I listen to feminist philosophy I feel like I need a good fuck.  
And when I get laid, I want a girl.  
Cause no matter how hard you try  
(and you're damned hard sometimes)  
I want that thing you can't give me  
even if you got one thing you can.

So I go to a girl  
and I get that philosophy  
and I'm back in the swing  
and back to your corner  
and you think the answer  
is under the blankets  
and she says the truth  
is inside a book  
and I got that want it all pang  
both the yin and the yang  
want them modern day politics  
and a load of hard, hot, wet sex.

No matter what  
The whole mess  
is useless  
unless  
I get some  
Cause then, at least,  
There's a climax in my life.

## an excerpt

Give it here, linear minds. Triangulation only works in a three-dimensional universe. That's right. The world is flat. Flat up against a brick wall. Standing in a back alley, rubbing her valley, her skirt hiked high. Eating penis pink grapefruit. That's right. Toxic terra firma.

Listen close now. She was a virgin. Oh yes. She had never been kissed, never been groped, never been pried upside. Never swam the latex vortex, counting calories in a marathon of post-vertical mathematics. Never been shown that a bottom can do more than sit on a toilet or on a bicycle seat. It brings tears to my ears just thinking of the tragedy. Oh yes. To waste such lovely plump thighs on a bicycle

never been  
pried  
upside

Are you ready? She's coming at you. Right now. She upgraded to a mondo sedan with cruise control and auto lock rapemobile doors. Out of the gate at a million clicks an hour. Her back seat piled high with donuts and dildos. Everything a girl could want. Right now. She said when I grow up I'm going to be president of a numbered corporation.

# Martin-Pierre Tremblay

## KÉROSÈNE

Tu vends des cigarettes. Au noir. Sur la rue. Tu vois longtemps le jour décliner, se déchirer entre les voitures. Trop de mouvement. Autrefois, tu prenais l'autobus pour aller à l'école. La même chanson revenait toujours dans laquelle un homme tue un ours à mains nues. Il y avait aussi Mara. Ce n'était pas tant l'odeur de sa peau qui t'excitait mais plutôt le contenu de ce sac qu'elle gardait près d'elle durant tout le trajet. Tu te souviens d'un ange bleu, de tout ce qu'il disait. C'était il y a très longtemps. Depuis, tu as croisé le chauffeur à quelques reprises. Il est maintenant chauve.

## CANCAN

Je parle d'eau, de solitude,  
De lampes déplacées par le vent  
Et de chemins épars  
Menant tous à ce chantier de construction  
Où nous avons pleuré  
Les derniers jours de l'automne  
Dans un camion jaune et rouge  
Au klaxon défectueux.  
Enface, il y avait  
Une montagne de minerai,  
De petits soleils durs  
Et beaucoup de choses  
Qui ne bougeaient pas.  
Tu as démarré,  
Hurlé un bon coup,  
Embouti au passage deux lampadaires  
Et détruit le poste de contrôle  
Avant de t'arrêter  
Et de me dire  
Que tu devais rentrer.

# FAUVE

Tu es debout  
Devant le miroir,  
Morte de peur.  
Tu prends le revolver  
Sur la table.  
La lumière de la salle de bains  
Est éteinte.  
Tu te mets à trembler.  
Tu trembles,  
Ne veux plus revenir ici.  
Demain, ce sera l'automne.  
La mer monte déjà;  
La mer indigène  
Rage au centre de l'ombre.  
Immédiatement,  
Tu penses à ton homme.  
Tu voudrais pouvoir te coucher aussi  
Dans un jardin de pierres.  
Tu voudrais le voir déchirer cette étoile  
Qui brûle sur ton sexe noir.

# RÊVE 15

Je ne suis pas inquiet,  
Je suis au bout de la terre.  
Ce soir, tu coules sur mon ventre,  
Creuses de grands trous  
Dans ma vie.  
C'est un cirque,  
Celui de la peau lointaine  
Et des appareils qui hurlent  
Sur la colline  
Où nous allions rêver  
Du vent dans l'autre monde  
Et - cela est vrai -  
D'un vieil arbre pâle.

music soothes  
Beauty & the  
music is beau  
this  
Beauty Roberto Rossellini

" i would like to read this  
many times" -

Music is  
the Master

between many men and women  
is a lack of understanding

men feel (THINK) war  
women feel men are  
waging holy wars  
AGAINST them.  
jesus shoulda been  
intelligent  
(taken sociology  
or studied people  
and not  
god  
(moses was no better and  
mohammed was no saint)  
I can write it  
if madona  
can say it &  
buy a Mercedes  
starve

Poetry in art is poetry.  
Music in art is not music. - AD REINHOLD

Kids is just another  
useless i ÑoÑiiiiiiiiii

(american)

arcmtl 2021

the savage beast  
ast  
ful

Soothed the savage

the opium to  
Groucho

Musical Plus is Queen being American show sell the American need it to soft

It only takes one million to sell rape if you could make it on TV. It could sell it for fame and it could make millions if only something like rape you. It might bring me millions of rapes to sell if the music brings millions—Ronald Reagan

— Ronald Reagan

the salient

meaning is arbitrary, but stupidity can be universal.

三

# C'est qui ça?

48

## FORTNER ANDERSON

Short-order cook, union militant, publisher of his 'zine "Brazen Oralities," host of CKUT's Grey Matter and Dromostexte, carpenter (framing and finishing), family man.

## CYBÈLE CARETTE

Cybèle ist ein künstler, a poet, une écrivaine tri-lingue. Ela mora em Montreal.

## ANDREA CLARK

Has been living in Montreal one and a half years and has performed at local venues with Annanda Strawn and Julie Tamiko-Manning, who also co-wrote "Squid Alert." She appeared in the musical *Stella Sofa*, written and directed by Marc Boucher. Occasionally she does guest vocals for the Snitches, and she opened for Shades of Culture at a recent benefit for battered women. Currently she is working on her own material which includes various styles of music and rap.

## MYRIAM CLICHE

Née à Sherbrooke, Québec, en 1961, ses recueils sont: *Ti-Josef Bouc* (1987, à compte d'auteure), *La voix de l'autre berger* (1992, chez L'Oie de Cravan), & *Les jours tendres* (1993, à compte d'auteure.) Depuis 1993, elle joue à la guitare électrique & elle chante dans Poudevra (prépunk poétique) avec Caroline Hamel (guitare électrique & voix) et Evelyne Poisson (basse).

## DEE

Deanne Smith (A.K.A. Dee) has been performing around Montréal since 1989. In addition to performing poetic/theatrical pieces at the Loyola campus concert hall, the Montreal Fringe Festival, Maison de la Culture Frontenac & Mercier and local coffee houses, Dee was invited along with her group the Diasporic African Poets to perform at The First International Dub Poetry Festival in Toronto in 1993. She is in tune with her inner voice and allows it to guide her unique and groovy way of doing things.

## SCOTT DUNCAN

Lived in a variety of places across Canada. Came to Montreal 6 years ago. Would like to say I'm influenced by Yeats and Thomas however my real influences come from my performance group the Fluffy Pagan Echoes and an undeniable desire to please the audience.

## GOLDA FRIED

Been in Mtl long enough to know I love this city (still workin' on the French.) Been around poetry long enough to know that it can be intense. Watched enough movies to appreciate personality. Read enough poetry to know Dylan, Ferlinghetti, Bukowski and Alyssa Burrows make me smile. P.S. There is poetry for rock n' rollers. I know I'm tryin'.

## COREY FROST

Born in Summerside, P.E.I., Corey Frost (drawn to things that terrify him) nows lives and writes in Montreal. He has published several chapbooks including two anthologies: *for example* and *Hence*, and is a co-editor of ga press. In the future he will get lost and use the word "reify" in a sentence.

# JONATHAN GOLDSTEIN

After being rejected from rabbinical college, Jonathan Goldstein continued his search for the spiritual in Mid-nite Subway Marathon rides and Burning Buddha peep-show booths. He writes a spontaneous ramble of childhood nostalgia and the elusiveness of human sex and other fleeting urban pleasures.

## LE GROUPE DE POESIE MODERNE

Le Groupe de poésie moderne se produit depuis un an déjà parce que. Il revendique une systématique du sonore. Ses procédés: construction laborieuse, inconvenance sémantique, conjugaison dramatisante, renversement prosodique, etc. Par ses interventions, le Groupe de poésie moderne entend faire accéder son public au statut (à l'état (à la condition)) d'auditoire-content. Seront présents sur scène: Bernard Dion, Benoît Paiement, France Rolland, Robert G. Reid, Patrick Lutzy et M.H. Pennou.

## MICHEL LEFEBVRE

Montréalais, Michel Lefebvre aime que ses poèmes parlent aux gens avec l'écho de la ville et la fureur de l'art. Il utilise parfois le nom SOUS LE MANTEAU pour diffuser ses poèmes.

## MOSES AND OSEI

Moses Abraham and Osei, also known as Manchilde, are the voices of the four-member Ancient Demi-Gods, known for their performances at District Six.

## POCKET

Pocket n'aime pas que ses tunes soient traité par des machines à écrire.

## RAN (AND JOEY)

Do not refer to themselves as poets or painters but as eggplants and artists (read: artichokes.)

## VICTORIA STANTON

Were a body the earth, Victoria would be a geologist, studying its nooks and crannies, crags and faults, dispelling the mysteries of our most common ailments.

## IAN STEPHENS

Ian Stephens is a singer/poet — a CD entitled “Wining, Dining, Drilling” was recently issued from EnGuard Records. A collection of writing entitled “Diary of a Trademark” will be published this fall by Muses’ Co. Press.

## LYNN SUDERMAN

Lynn Suderman is a writer and editorial coordinator at the Montreal *Mirror*. She is at work on a long piece of prose poetry.

## MARTIN-PIERRE TREMBLAY

Martin-Pierre Tremblay est né à Gagnon. À 21 ans, il est le plus jeune récipiendaire des prix *Emile-Nelligan* et *Desjardins* pour son premier recueil, *Le plus petit désert*. Son second recueil, *Une année bissextile*, est paru en Janvier 1994, aux Editions Les Herbes Rouges.

# ga press

the word  
of ga...

Look for the next book from ga, a collection  
of short experimental prose by six Montreal  
writers. In bookstores in August 1994.

Available in all the right places, or write to:

ga press

2—358 Blvd. St. Joseph E.  
Montréal, Québec H2T 1J4  
(514) 845-9063

STICK IT  
STICK IT  
STAMP IT,

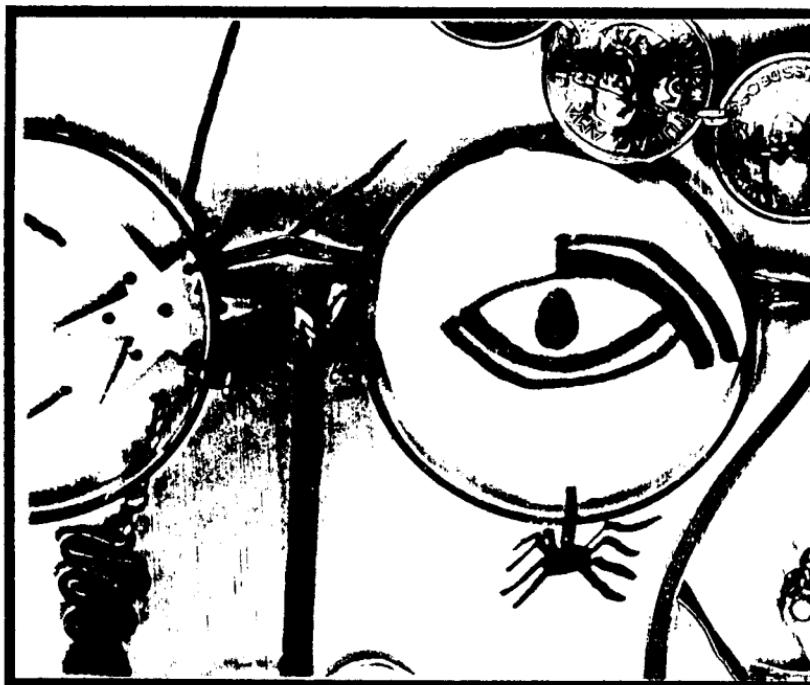
and send it to

**PERHAPS?**

Independent poetry and prose.  
PO Box 42050, Montréal, Québec.  
H2W 2T3 — S.A.S.E.



Cover kissed by \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.



art 2021

\$3 Canada

**ga press**  
Montreal 1994

\$2.50 US